

Miss S. C. Dustin

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Woodbury Langdon.

Original.

This gentleman was son of John Langdon, and grandson of Tobias Langdon of Portsmouth, and was born about the year 1739. He was an elder and the only brother of the Hon. John Langdon, whose biography has appeared in a former number of the Literary Gazette.

Of the subject of this notice, we have it in our power to give but a brief and imperfect account. His education, he received at the public schools of Portsmouth, principally under the tuition of Major Samuel Hale, the celebrated instructor of the grammar-school in that town. He was designed for the mercantile profession, and his education was directed in pursuance of that determination. Immediately after leaving school, he entered the counting-house of Hon. Henry Sherburne, a counsellor of the province, and one of the most distinguished and opulent merchants in Portsmouth. How long he remained in this situation, we cannot say; but it is certain that after some time spent in the countinghouse, he left that employment to follow the seas. Like many other young men, he was induced to take this step, as preliminary to a full and accurate acquaintance with the practical part of his destined profession.

After sailing several voyages, he established himself in his native town as a merchant.—In the prosecution of his business, he was industrious and enterprising. These qualities soon rendered him independent as to pecuniary circumstances, and brought him that good reputation among his fellow-men, which is the never failing offspring of honesty and perseverance.

But a cloud was destined to overshadow his prospects. The Revolutionary war broke out at a time when he was in the full tide of successful business, and when his commercial operations were very extensive. Of course, a speedy curtailment became necessary. The trade of our merchants was then principally with, or through the mother country, and it was in England that nearly all of Mr. Langdon's very considerable property was invested.

To secure his well-earned gains, he was obliged to take a very decisive step. After the commencement of hostilities, he set sail in person for England, employed the necessary measures to secure his property, and transfer it to this country, and returned in about a year, his efforts crowned with complete success.

Here he found his brother engaged in political affairs, high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, and placed in offices of responsibility and honor. He himself immediately entered with great warmth into the political contests of the day, and took a very decisive part in opposition to the measures of the ministry of Great Britain.

The services of men of genuine merit were

at that day eagerly sought after and gratefully accepted. He was sent almost immediately after his return to the legislature of the state, and remained in the popular branch of that body, we believe without intermission till 1779.

In that year, on the 3d of April, he was elected, with Col Peabody, a member of the General Congress in 'the room and stead' of Josiah Bartlett and John Wentworth jr., who had resigned. He soon after took his seat in that body, and remained through the year. On the 3d of November, he was requested by a vote of the legislature to remain at Congress, and on the 16th of the same month, he was appointed a commissioner on the part of this state to meet commissioners from "all the states as far westward as Virginia inclusive," in a convention to be holden at Philadelphia the following January, "to take into consideration the expediency of limiting the prices of merchandize and produce, with the view of thereby preventing the further depreciation of our currency."

This convention, it seems, was called upon the recommendation of another, which had been holden at Hartford the October preceding, "to consider these matters." In the letter of President Weare to our delegates, informing them of their appointment to the Philadelphia convention, he speaks of "the alarming situation of our currency, and the great danger there is that our military operations, which at present are greatly embarrassed, will be finally totally destroyed through the enormous demands which are made for the necessities of life. The measure of regulating prices is found to be attended with many difficulties, and it is feared, will have little or no good effect unless it be general. And what effect it may then have, is problematical; but every method which appears to have a tendency to remedy the evils, which threaten the ruin of our currency, must be attempted." The total failure of all these expedients to avert the destruction of the currency and relieve the general distress, should not derogate from the honor of being selected to make the attempt. In times like these, the people naturally look to the best and wisest men for relief.

In 1780, on the 9th of November, he was re-elected to a seat in Congress in place of Hon George Atkinson, who had declined the appointment. It is most probable that he also declined the honor, as others were soon after elected to the same seat, and as, the following year, we find him in his old place in the General Court of New Hampshire. It was in 1781, that, while attending the session of the legislature at Exeter, he suffered a severe loss by the destruction of his large and elegant mansion by fire.

In the same year, on the 29th of Dec. he was once more elected a member of the Continental Congress, to serve, as the vote expresses it, till June next, but there is no probability that he ever again took his seat in that

body. It was in 1781 also, that he was first chosen a member of the council, a station which he retained for three successive years.

On the twenty third of June, 1782, he was appointed an associate justice of the Superior court. At that period, the chief-justice only was required to be a lawyer by profession; for the others, practical knowledge, ability and integrity were the only requisites. In this station, he remained about a year, when he resigned. On the 22d Feb. 1783, I find a vote 'to desire Woodbury Langdon to continue as puisne justice of the superior court, his resignation notwithstanding.' He did not comply with this, as it might appear to modern office-seekers, very reasonable request.

On the adoption of the state constitution in 1784, he was elected a state senator by both houses in convention, on the 3d of June, there having been no choice by the people. It had been provided that the late President, Weare, should preside over the Senate at the opening of the session; but he being absent on account of ill health, it was voted that Woodbury Langdon be considered and act as senior senator.

In 1786, he was again appointed a justice of the superior court, and held the office four years. His conduct in this station did not meet with universal approbation. It was alleged, and probably with some reason, that he neglected his duties, and that he did not regularly attend the sessions of the court. It has been suggested, however, that the proceedings against him were prompted as much by private pique as by desire of justice. However this may be, an impeachment was drawn up against him, and carried through the House of Representatives. The Senate met at Exeter to try the impeachment, but it was urged that that body had not power to proceed in the case in the recess of the legislature, and the trial was accordingly postponed to the next session of the General Court.

In the mean time, J. T. Gilman resigned his office as commissioner to settle the public accounts between the United States and the several states, and Mr Langdon was appointed by President WASHINGTON in December 1790, to fill the vacancy. He accordingly resigned his seat upon the Bench, and the impeachment against him was never prosecuted.

During the latter part of the last century, he was several times a candidate for Congress, but being a zealous member of the republican or anti-federal party, then in the minority in this state, and his interests identified with theirs, he was of course unsuccessful. He was, however, sent by the town of Portsmouth to the popular branch of the legislature in 1795, '96, '97, '98, and possibly other years.

He died at Portsmouth after a long and distressing illness, on Sunday morning, 13th Jan. 1806.

One daughter, Caroline, married Dr William Eustis, sometime Governor of Massachusetts and secretary of war. Another died unmarried during the past year.

The Old Country School House.

Original.

Kind reader, didst thou ever attend a country school, and enjoy the stir—the bustle—the happy sports of the “merry ring” and all the varied amusements so generally attendant on these occasions where meet “social hearts and laughing eyes?” If so, thou canst turn back in imagination and call up some sweet recollections of those by-gone days.—They can never be forgotten. Time may have made sad work with the “airy castles” which we had built in the days of innocence and childhood—we may have lost the light buoyancy of youth and become sober as we have advanced on our pilgrimage, yet the delightful visions of the past—the remembrance of our early pastimes, toils, and struggles—still linger around the mind in all the seeming freshness of reality. And to me, none are more dear than the recollections of my school-boy life. The kindness of a favorite teacher—the pure and ardent friendships which were then formed—the feelings of sadness and regret which swelled the bosom when the parting hour arrived, are all livingly engraved upon my memory. How cold and artificial do the connexions and associations of after life appear, compared with the artless and unstudied attachment which once united us to our fellow scholars! But I am wandering too far—I intended merely to say that the following was suggested and written last autumn, after having paid a visit to the old seat of science, where, in Dr Webster's Spelling Book, I learned to spell “Baker”—and “Crucifix”—and “Diaphragm.”

Far from the city's tumult, on a green,
A low-roofed country school house still is seen;
A river near winds gently on its way,
Along whose grassy banks the children stray—
Where too I've sported in life's morning year
With some loved play-mate still in friendship dear.
There too a thicket, formed of oak and pine
Where idle boys in summer hours recline,
Spreads its green branches to the burning sun,
And yields a calm retreat when school is “done.”
Here too the school girl, seated in the shade,
Full many a braided wreath of flowers has made—
Some pretty artificial work, to grace
Her own fair form or to adorn the place;
Or like the wreaths in decorated halls,
To be suspended round the school house walls.
I turn to view the grove and grotto there—
Each loved retreat beyond the teacher's care—
The summer walk, by happy hearts enjoyed,
When study's irksome hour no more annoyed.
The old beech tree a slight remembrance claims,
The silent record of a hundred names.
How oft in idle hours we wandered here,
Carved our initials—added too the year—
And as we left our then unhonored name,
Deemed it inscribed upon the scroll of Fame!

I turn—but turn with silent, deep regret,
To view the spot where lads and ladies met;
Oh, happy hearts were congregated there,
The gifts of learning, wisdom e'en, to share.
There rivals met, by emulation led,
To show their skill contending for “the head;”
There bashful, blushing girls, of “sweet sixteen,”
Caught the same spirit—and not seldom seen
In fearful contest—eager once to gain
The honored place—nor were their efforts vain;
For 'tis a truth, as pedagogues have said,
That our fair rivals always “go ahead;”
And when their zeal is roused and they begin,
A long farewell to peace unless they win!
'Twas in that hall where first my youthful ear
Heard the stern mandate whispered too severe;

Where blockheads oft were privileged to rule,
The mighty monarchs of a country school!
And like a man, to sense and feeling blind,
Used whips and cudgels to expand the mind.
There farmers' daughters left their pails of milk,
And home-spun gowns, for robes of costly silk—
Left making butter and their skim-milk cheese,
For sober, graver duties, such as these—
To manage boys and teach them how to bow
And little girls to courtesy and to sew.

How oft in looking o'er our school-boy life, [strife—
Dread scenes come thronging back—the storm—the
The stern reproof—the eye's keen withering blaze,
That mischief-making boys are sure to raise.
How well do we remember too, each one
Who checked our wayward frolics when begun.
Before me now I see them all arrayed,
Each with her implements of war displayed—
The small round stone on which the rebels sat
To pay their debts—contented e'en with that—
The score of strings with which the rogue was tied—
The “leathern specs” by want of sense supplied—
The old black cap, most sadly out of place,
That covered up the whole of my long face.

Of in imagination I have seen
Myself once more upon the “smiling green;”
Once more engaged some summer flower to gain,
Some modest wild rose, plucked from yonder “plain,”
And then returned to pay a teacher's care,
With the bright offering I had gathered there—
Such labors then made childhood's perfect bliss,
My toil was pleasure—my reward—a kiss!

Ye who in days gone by were wont to rule—
The pride and mistress of a country school,
My love unchanged remains—as then as true—
E'en as a brother's love still clings to you.
A mistress!—ever be it mine to claim,
The best affection for that honored name;
Still, still be mine, the ever grateful part,
To keep it treasured deeply in my heart.

Cleanthes.

The Nature of Things.

Original.

The first didactic poem, as well in point of time, as of excellence, to be found in the whole circle of Greek or Latin literature, is undoubtedly the *Nature of Things—De Rerum Natura*—by *Titus Lucretius Carus*. As its title suggests it is a store-house enriched with all the treasures of ancient Philosophy; it contains an abstract of the wisdom of antiquity; in it may be found the rude materials of that philosophy which Newton unfolded to the world, and by rigid demonstration rendered its triumph eternal. Lucretius had sipped from every fountain and gathered beauties from every flower in Grecian literature; and in return has given to mankind an immortal production, from which later poets have drawn their happiest draughts of inspiration. *Virgil* owes many of his finest passages to Lucretius; the great poets of Italy have enriched their brightest pages from his treasures; and our own divine Milton and Thomson have plucked unfading blossoms from the Roman bard. Though professedly a didactic composition, it is adorned with the choicest treasures of natural history, and the most delicate allusions to the popular mythology of the day.

But the great question naturally arises, why is a poet of such excellence so little known, so little read and so seldom mentioned? One reason is, being treasured up in a dead language, it is but as “a veiled image” to the eyes of the unlearned, for want of a good translation. No one was ever more unfortunate in

his translators than our poet. For before the valuable attempt of Dr Good, almost the only English version, before the world, was the translation by Creech, who rendered it into English rhymes.—Though a good scholar, Creech has so enfeebled his author by a dull, monotonous jingle of rhymes, as to destroy the living freshness and original beauty of the poem and leave it valuable only for the philosophical ideas it contains.

The mistaken notions formed of the Epicurean philosophy have formerly operated unfavorably for the reputation of the most illustrious scholar of that school. Pleasure was the goddess of Epicurus; not the pleasures of sense and brutal enjoyment, but the pure, heavenly delights that flow from health and mental abstraction,—delights, which an angel might enjoy undefiled in the garden of life.

But his enemies, finding themselves unable to controvert his doctrines, resorted to misrepresentation, the usual weapon of rival zealots. And so industriously did they propagate the belief that his pleasures were wholly sensual, that the name of this great man became a synonyme for debauchery, luxury, riot and intemperance. Thus the man, whose life was one unbroken circle of goodness, was represented as an incarnate demon. But let us see what Dr Good says of him—“Instead of despising existence, he encouraged indulgence in the enjoyments it presented: pleasure became his prime object; and wherever it was to be traced he pursued it; not however the pleasures of the vain, the ambitious, or the voluptuous; for these he well knew carried with them a sting, which poisoned all the gratifications they presented; but the pure satisfactory and permanent pleasures of temperance, benevolence and the study of nature.” The study of nature is a fountain of pleasure, where we may drink forever. It was the source of the most exquisite enjoyment to Epicurus, and every day, furnished him with some fresh delights; with some new wonders. By reason of his temperate and simple habits, his mind was free and vigorous for investigating the phenomena of the material world. To this all the efforts of his mighty mind were directed. With such a view of his character and wisdom, we need not be astonished at the enthusiasm, with which Lucretius introduces him at the opening of his third book:

“O Glory of the Greeks! who first didst chase
The mind's dread darkness with celestial day,
The worth illustrating of human life—
Thee, glad, I follow—with foot resolved
To tread the path imprinted by thy steps;
Not urged by competition, but, alone,
Studious thy toils to copy; for in powers,
How can the swallow with the swan contend?
Or the young kid, all tremulous of limb,
Strive with the strength, the fleetness of the horse?
Thou Sire of science! with paternal truths
Thy sons enrichest; from thy peerless page,
Illustrious chief! as from the flowery field
Th' industrious bee culls honey, we alike
Cull many a golden precept—golden each—
And each most worthy everlasting life.

For us the doctrines of thy godlike mind
Prove into birth how nature first arose,
All terrors vanish—the blue walls of heaven
Fly instant—and the boundless void throughout
Teems with created things.”—[Goods Translation.
To be continued.

M.

Collectanea, No. 7.

Original.

35. Said Tom Paine in his letter to Samuel Adams, 'I am not of a disposition inclined to suspicion. It is in its nature a mean and cowardly passion, and upon the whole, even admitting error into the case, it is better, I am sure it is more generous, to be wrong on the side of confidence, than on the side of suspicion.'

36. The present fashion of wearing whiskers and spencers appears to be of a more ancient date than is generally imagined; though it was not in the days of old considered as a mark of gentility. In the Bible, we find it thus recorded;—"Wherefore Hamer took David's servants, and shaved off one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their buttocks, and sent them away." Vide ii Sam. x. 4.

37. In Felts History of Ipswich, published in 1834, is found a relation of a very curious infirmity existing in four families in Hamilton, who are connected; three of them immediately. The individuals afflicted are five in number, and are called *bleeders*. The slightest scratch or wound becomes with them, a serious injury. Such a scratch or cut has at first the ordinary appearance, but in a week or fortnight, begins and continues for several days to send forth almost a steady stream of blood, until the redness of the blood disappears and it becomes nearly as colorless as water. A portion of the coagulated blood forms a cone, with a minute aperture, very fetid, and large or small in proportion to the size of the wound, and the bleeding ceases when this cone drops off. The persons thus situated, often bleed profusely at the nose, and are subject to severe and premature rheumatism. This singular hemorrhage *runs in the blood*, having been brought from England by the Appleton family, and some in former times have died from wounds which would not have been considered dangerous in other people. But the most singular feature remains to be related. It is stated that none but males are bleeders, whose immediate children are not so, and whose daughters only have sons thus disposed. As to the precise proportion of these, who may resemble their grandfathers in bleeding of this kind, past observation furnishes no data; it has been found altogether uncertain.

33. Says Waller,

Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

39. In an old periodical, I find the following very circumstantial account of a singular instance of spontaneous combustion;

On the night of March 19th, 1802, during the session of Congress at Washington, Jonathan Dayton, one of the Senators then attending from the state of New Jersey, sustained a loss of a pair of black silk stockings in an uncommon manner. On undressing himself at bed-time, stockings were the last of his garments which he took off. The weather being cold, he wore two pair, the inner of wool and the outer of silk. When he stripped off the

silk stockings, he let them drop on a woollen carpet lying by the bed side, and one of his garters, which was of white woollen ferretin, fell down with the stockings. The under stockings, on being pulled off, were thrown at some distance, near the foot of the bed. He observed, on separating and removing the silk stockings from the woollen ones, that there was an unusual snapping and sparkling of electric matter. But as he had been long acquainted with the appearance, it attracted but transient notice.

He fell asleep, and remained undisturbed till morning, when the servant entered to kindle the fire. The man observed that one of the leather slippers, lying on the carpet, and partly covered by one of the stockings, was very much burnt. Mr. Dayton then rose, and found that the leather over which the stockings had lain was converted to a coal. The stockings were changed to a brown, or what is commonly called a butternut colour. And although, to the eye, the stitches of the legs, and even the threads of their clocks, appeared to be firm and entire, yet, as soon as an attempt was made to touch and handle them, they were found to be wholly destitute of cohesion, their texture and structure being altogether destroyed. Nothing but a remnant of carbonic matter was left, except that a part of the heel of one of the stockings was not decomposed.

Though this destruction of the stockings took place during the night, when nobody saw the manner and circumstances of the process, yet there was evidence enough of the evolution of much caloric while it was going on: for every thing in contact with the stockings was turned to a coal or cinder. Beside the slipper before mentioned, the garter was burned. It had fallen partly on the carpet, and partly on and between the stockings. As far as it touched the stockings it was perfectly disorganized and carbonated, and immediately beyond that limit was as sound as ever. The part of the carpet, with its fringe, which lay between the stockings and the floor, was in like manner totally destroyed, just as far as it was covered by the stockings, and no farther. The wooden plank, which was of pitch pine, was also considerably scorched; and beneath the place where the thickest folds of the stockings had lain, was converted to charcoal or lamp-black to a considerable depth. In throwing down the stockings when they were pulled off, it happened that about a third part of the length of one of them fell not upon the carpet, but upon the bare floor. The part of the stocking was decomposed like the rest, and the floor very much scorched where it had lain.

There was very little fire on the hearth, and the little there was, was eight or nine feet distant. The candle had been carefully extinguished and stood on a table in another direction, and about equally distant. Indeed, no application of burning coals or lighted candles could have produced the effects which have been described. It would seem that the combustion, if it may be so called, proceeded from a surcharge of anticrouon (caloric,) or electron (electricity,) in the silk, accumulated by means

not well understood; and that, not being referable to any known external agent, it may, in the present state of our information, be termed spontaneous.

The substances chiefly consumed were leather, wool, silk, and resinous wood. The linen lining of the slipper was indeed destroyed as far as the leather it touched was destroyed. But where it did not come in contact, it escaped; and the fire showed no disposition to burn even the linen beyond the boundaries prescribed to it on the leather.

What is the theory of this phenomenon? With what other facts is it immediately connected? Whatever men of science may determine on these points, one thing seems to be evident, that if spontaneous combustion can happen thus to bodies so little inflammable as leather, silk and wool, that instances of its occurrence in bodies easier to burn are more frequent than is generally supposed.

Culture of Silk. No. 12.

Original.

The age is a practical one, poetry and beautiful theories are going out of fashion as unsatisfactory and useless. There is no demand in the market for a knowledge of the dead languages, at least the study of them is declining, as producing only verbal critics. Formerly, the man, who knew that the words, *basilisk* and *king*, were derived from the same Greek word, was considered a learned man, and if he knew the story of Greece and Rome, was esteemed a great historian and a man of education. But the time has passed. An individual, to be respected must be able to *do something*, and make himself useful to the public. The energies of one man, properly directed, will support half a dozen; whence then so many privations, so many without the comforts of life? We confidently predict that a partial remedy at least will be found in this new branch of industry, the culture of silk, and instead of discontented faces, complacent and smiling ones will abound at no distant period. No money can be made the first and second year in silk, but his circle of vision must be limited indeed, who cannot look forward five or six years. Instead of putting into his hands a Latin grammar, give a lad of ten years old a mulberry nursery and we venture to predict, he will not trouble his father to pay the expenses of his education.—Call it the manual-labor system, if you please; but to the young inquiring mind, there will be an interest and profit and charm in this business, that will pass it off as an amusement, not a task. Every boy should be instructed in the natural history of animals; in botany, gardening, and nursery-gardening; and among the many young persons who will attend to silk culture, some genius will arise with a passion for the pursuit, who will simplify and systematise and regulate our proceedings in this regard and finally deserve the title of public benefactor.

Rat Conquest. The most complete conquest ever made in England by invaders, is said to have been made by the Hanoverian rats that were accidentally introduced, and which have literally extirpated the original rat of the country.

Two Yards of Jaconet, or a Husband.

A Virginia Tale.

'I wish,' said Mary Ann, 'I had two yards of Jaconet. I want it very much to complete this dress for the next birth day at Richmond. I want, besides, a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather, white feather, to my last bonnet. I want——'

'Well, my dear,' said Louisa, her companion, 'well, my dear, it seems you have wants enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?'

'More!' returned Mary Ann, 'why a hundred more, to be sure,' said she, laughing; 'but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband—a real downright husband.'

'Indeed!' said Louisa, 'This is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select out one among your many admirers?'

'A fig for my admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick—I'm disgusted with my admirers. One comes and makes silly compliments; says 'Miss B——, how pretty you look to day;' another sickens me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me, that he can't talk; another, so desperately in love with himself, that he talks forever. Oh! I wish I were married; I wish I had a husband; or, at least, two yards of Jaconet, to finish this for the Richmond campaign.'

Mary Ann B—— was a gay, young, rattling creature, who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen; possessed a fine figure, *en-bon-point*; not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks, in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately, that where the one began, or the other ended, no one could tell. Her eyes were dark blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feelings of enthusiasm, which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy, and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most elegantly formed, and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pacha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had many admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry till she had brought at least a hundred to her feet. For several counties around, up and down James river, she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the white sulphur, blue sulphur, and hot sulphur springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of those excursions the party of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain-storm, at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains.—The party was travelling in an open carriage, with a sort of top resembling that of a gig, to spread out, when a

shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion the leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrents which fell down from the dark heavy clouds above. The first house they approached was therefore kindly welcomed.—They dismounted, went in, and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire, which was crackling most merrily on a large wide hearth.

A young man, of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners, rose up at the approach of Mary Ann, and offered her his chair. She accepted it, with a slight inclination of the head, and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had all reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gaiety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann, as Mr G——, from Williamsburg, in lower Virginia. In a very short period he became a devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive—and of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers and match-breakers of the springs. At the close of the season, he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night in thinking, crying, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal.

So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hopes of revival. The parties never again met, till the moment we have now reached threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and her views. She had pursued the game of catching admirers—of leading them on to declare themselves—and of then rejecting, with tears and regrets in abundance, till she and the whole world of young men, became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities—was a fast and enduring friend—knew, as well as any one, the folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

'How long have you been in Williamsburg,' asked her *chère amie*, 'Mary Ann?'

'Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is.—It is called the 'classic shades—the academic groves of the old dominion,' and all that sort of a thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours the other evening with the loves of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of Jaconet.'

'Or a husband——'

'Or a husband either, I don't care which; come my love, let's a shopping in this classic town.'

The two ladies immediately rose, it was about noon-day, put on their bonnets, took their parasols, and sallied forth.

'For a husband or jaconet, you say.'

'Two yards of jaconet, or a husband.'

The town of Williamsburg, like every other little town in Virginia, or even in New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed.—The two ladies sauntered into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fellow of a shop-keeper turn out his whole stock in trade, and rewarding his pains by the purchase of a sixpenny-worth of tape. They had proceeded for an hour in this lounging, lazy style, when Louisa said, 'Oh, Mary Ann, here is an old beau of yours in that store with the red gingham flapping at the door like a pirate's flag; come, let us go and plague him for 'auld lang syne,' as Mrs. McDonald, the Scotch lady of Norfolk says.'

'Certainly,' said Mary Ann, 'but which of my old admirers is it?'

'Have you got your list in your pocket?'

'Not at all, I left it at my grandmother's at Richmond; what a pity!'

The two wild creatures, bounding like a couple of fawns over the forest glade, for they were reckless of the public opinion among the old dowagers and staid maidens of Williamsburg, entered the store and asked for a sight of gloves, muslins and ribbons. Mary Ann did not seem to pay much attention to the fine articles shown her. She ever and anon cast her eyes by stealth round and round the store, endeavoring to discover if she recognised any of the faces, as that of an old acquaintance. She could see nothing to repay her effort. Not a face had she ever seen before. She summoned up to her recollection all her former admirers, they passed through her mind like the ghosts of Banquo; for, notwithstanding her rejection of so many lovers, she ever retained a certain portion of regard to every poor fellow who had fallen a victim to her whim, beauty, witchery, and caprice.

'This is an Arabian desert,' said Mary Ann, sighing to Louisa, as she split a pair of kid gloves in endeavoring to get them on.

'Oh! no,' said a gay young shopman; 'indeed Miss, they are the best French kid.'

'Pray,' said Louisa, in a low tone, 'don't you sell any thing in the back room of the store.'

In a remote corner of the store, there stood at the desk a plainly-dressed gentleman, leaning over the corner of a wooden railing, with his eyes firmly fixed upon the two ladies, now so actively engaged in tossing over the counter all sorts of merchandise and light French goods.

'As I live,' said Mary Ann, 'there is my old Blue Ridge beau. Oh, how wet I was' whispered she, 'drenched with a summer shower, when first I was thrown into his society.—I believe the poor fellow loved me sincerely.—Come, let us spend upon him at least ten dollars in jaconet; he spent one hundred upon me in balls, dancing, colds, cough-drops, and drives, and got nothing for his pains but a neat *billet-doux*, declining his poor heart and soft hand. Poor fellow!'

With this sally the ladies bought several articles, scarcely caring whether they suited them or not. When they left the store, Mary Ann fell into a reverie, was quite silent, which

for her was unusual and singular. Louisa's spirits on the contrary, gathered life and energy as those of her companion sank away.—She talked, she laughed, she ridiculed her beaux, she rallied Mary Ann, and looking into her for-once-melancholy face said, 'so, my love, you are caught at last.'

'Caught!' said Mary Ann, 'indeed you are much mistaken. I do not think—that is to say, I fancy I should not like to marry my Blue-Ridge beau. Oh! Louisa,' said she after a pause, with a tear in her eye, 'what a foolish creature I have been. Mr. Collingwood, for that is his name, I am sure, quite sure, does not think of me; but I cannot remember the attentions he once paid to me without a feeling of regret.'

'Why? now what's the matter with you? After refusing so many, are you going to throw yourself away upon a shopkeeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families of Virginia, to marry a shopkeeper!'

'Alas! alas! Louisa, what is descent?—What is fashion? What is all the life I have led? Do you see that little white house, with the green Venetian blinds, across the street? I was one evening in that house. I saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure, not happiness. Oh! if I only could feel as that young wife does!'

'You laugh—I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood—but there was a time when his soft, quiet, manner did touch me most sensitively.'

'Have you got the gloves you bought?' asked Louisa. Mary Ann looked. She had forgot them on the counter, or lost them.

'We must return,' said Louisa. 'Never,' said Mary Ann. 'I never dare look at him. I am sure he despises me. Oh! if he only knew what I feel—what pangs pass through this heart, I am very sure he would not—'

'Come, come,' said Louisa, 'we must return and get the gloves.'

'Never.'

'Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly; you remember your resolution when we set out.'

Mary Ann smiled, while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the articles they had forgot.

After this adventure, it was observed that a visible change came over the manners and spirit of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive; singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual flow of spirits.—When Louisa rallied her on the shopping excursion, she replied, 'Indeed, Louisa, I don't think I could marry Mr. Collingwood; besides, he has forgot every feeling he may have entertained towards me.'

In a few days after this event, a party was given one evening at a neighboring house.—The family in which Mary Ann resided, were all invited. The moment of re-union approached, and Mary Ann, dressed in great elegance, but far less splendor than usual, found herself at the head of a cotillion, surrounded with several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters and merchants.—

They were pressing forward in every direction, talking, and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group that surrounded her. She was shooting her dark blue eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward, to see all the party. The music struck up, and rallying her attention, she immediately stepped off on a *dos-a-dos*, with that elegance and grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white round neck, her eye caught, with sudden emotion, a quiet genteel looking person, at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She immediately dropt her eyes to the floor, and looked very narrowly at her left foot, as she moved it on the toe backwards and forwards, as it were for want of thought or to divert her thoughts. In a few seconds she looked up in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made, and every look she cast around her. She blushed—felt embarrassed—and went altogether wrong in the cotillion.

'What in the world are you thinking of?' asked Louisa.

'I scarcely know myself,' said Mary Ann.

In a few seconds the cotillion was brought to a close, and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd, and stood before her.

'How is Miss——' asked Mr. Collingwood, with suppressed emotion. Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropt her glove.—Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

'This is not the first time you have lost a glove,' said he, with a smile.

She received it, and cast a look upon him of inconceivable sweetness.

'Do you dance again, Miss——?'

'I believe not—I am going home.'

'Going home!' said he, 'why the amusements are scarcely begun.'

'They are ended with me,' said she, 'for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet.'

'Oh, you can't be going home already?'

'Indeed, I am,' said she.

'Well,' said he, with a smile, 'I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak for you?'

'Certainly?'

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other female friends gathered round her, persuading her on all sides not to leave the party ere it was begun. She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

'Allow me,' said he, 'to tie the strings?—' She nodded assent, and while he was tying the ribbon under her neck, he could not help touching her soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak—he unfolded it—he stood in front of her—their eyes met—both blushed—he palled the cloak around her shoulders—he folded it around and around her bosom—he trembled

like a leaf—he trembled also—he pressed her warmly to his heart, whispering in her ear—'Oh! Mary Ann, if I may hope? yet indulge a hope?' For a moment they were left alone. Her head sunk upon his breast—she could not speak—but her heart was like to burst. 'Will I—dare I—expect to be yet happy?' Their warm cheeks met—their lips realized it in one long, long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word, every thing was perfectly understood between them.

At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion, approached, and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early. 'It is really shameful, my dear,' said she, 'to think of leaving us at this hour. When I go to Richmond, do I leave you thus abruptly? Why Mr. Collingwood, can't you prevail upon her to stay a while longer?'

He shook his head. 'All my rhetoric has been exhausted,' said he, 'and it has proved unavailing.' Mary Ann looked at him very archly.

'Well, now,' continued the lady, 'I insist upon your staying; and she forthwith proceeded to take off her bonnet, untie her cloak, and sent the servant with them into the side apartment. Mary Ann was unresisting. She was again led into the room. Collingwood danced with her all the evening. He escorted her home in the beautiful moonlight, and every now and then he pressed the cloak around her, with which she appeared not by any means to find fault.

In about a month, Mary Ann became Mrs. Collingwood, and immediately, as the parson had finished the great business of the evening, Louisa, who was one of her maids, whispered in her ear, 'two yards of jaconet, or a husband.' She smiled, and passed her arm round Louisa's waist. 'Both, my love—both my love. Jaconet and a husband, a husband and jaconet.'

ISLA.

Address to Young Ladies.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Will you permit me, dear young friends, to speak to you freely as to daughters? You doubtless need no argument to convince you of the excellence of industry. We will devote a few thoughts only to those branches of it which belong particularly to our own sex. It is one of our privileges that we have such a variety of interesting employments. Time need never hang upon our hands, who have it continually in our power to combine amusement with utility. If we leave any vacancy for ennui to creep in, it must surely be our own fault.

Needle-work in all its countless forms of use, elegance and ornament, has been the appropriate occupation of women. From the shades, where its simple process, was but to unite the fig leaf, to the days when the most exquisite tissues of embroidery rivalled nature's pencil, it has been their duty and their resource. The most delicate efforts of the needle claim a high rank among female accomplishments. But its necessary departments should be thoroughly understood. The numerous modifications of mending are not beneath the notice of the most refined young

lady. To keep her own wardrobe perfectly in order she doubtless considers her duty. A just regard to economy—a wish to add to the comfort of all around—and a desire to aid in the relief of the poor, will induce her to become expert in those inventions, by which the various articles of apparel are repaired, altered or renovated. A very sensible, rational self-complacency arises from the power of making “auld claiiths look amaisht as well as new.”

I regret that the quiet employment of knitting has become so nearly obsolete. In many parts of Europe it continues a favorite branch of female occupation. It is so among the classic shades of Greece; and Russell, in his tour in Germany, speaking of the Saxon ladies says, “they are models of industry; at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady going to her rout would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of husbandry. At Dresden, even the theatre is no protection against knitting-needles. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Theckla’s or Wallenstein’s death had brought into her eyes, and quietly resume her knitting.” Knitting is adapted to those little intervals of time when it would be scarcely convenient to collect the more complicated apparatus of needle-work.—It is the friend of twilight—that sweet season of reflection so happily described by a Scotch writer as that brief period “when the shuttle stands still before the lamp is lighted.” Neither are the productions of the knitting needles valueless, as those who take no part in them are disposed to pronounce. Yet, if there are any who consider so humble a branch of economy unworthy their regard, they may still be induced to patronize it for the sake of the comfort it administers unto the poor. Their laborious occupations and limited leisure often preclude their attention to this employment, and a pair of thick stockings in winter will be usually found a most acceptable gift to their shuddering little ones. Knitting seems to have a native affinity with social feeling. It leaves the thoughts at liberty for conversation, and yet imparts just enough of the serene and self-satisfied sensation of industry to promote good humor and prepare for the pleasant interchange of society.

I recollect in my early days, sometimes seeing a number of most respectable elderly ladies, collected for an afternoon visit, all knitting, all happy, all discussing the various topics of neighborly concerns, with friendly interests and delight. I saw benevolent smiles beaming from their faces, and formed a fancied union between knitting and contentment which perchance is not yet broken. I observed that the fabrics which they wrought, to protect the feet of their household, were often composed of yarn manufactured by their own hands.—And here, permit me to advert to that almost forgotten utensil, the large spinning wheel.—From the universal, yet gentle exercise it affords the limbs, the chest, and the whole frame, it is altogether the best mode of domestic calisthenics which has hitherto been devised. It is well adapted to those periods when, from a succession of storms, ladies are prevented

from going into the open air, and begin to feel the lassitude of a too sedentary life. By a change of habits in the community, and the introduction of machinery on a large scale, domestic manufactures have become a less prominent branch of economy. Still a degree of alliance subsists between them. Materials for winter stockings might be profitably prepared in families. Durable flannels and even handsome carpets, have been often the productions of delicate hands. Among a large family of sisters, the cheerful operations of the spinning wheel assume the character of an amusement, and are said to promote a happy flow of spirits. Were my own sex as great admirers of antiquity as the other, I might bespeak a most credible chronology for this same science of spinning and present a formidable list of princesses, and women of high degree, who patronized it by their example. Yet inasmuch as there are but few lady antiquarians, and I have not the temerity to undertake to bring an exploded thing into fashion, I plead for the great spinning wheel, solely as a salutary mode of exercise, and not one inconsistent with domestic economy. To females who suffer for want of muscular action—and there are many such among the higher classes—physicians have prescribed a variety of substitutes, such as sweeping, polishing furniture, jumping the rope, playing at battledore, modification of calisthenics, &c. In some of these the effort is too violent; in others it may be carried to excess, through excitement or competition—but regular exercise upon the spinning wheel has been known to give the valetudinarian strength, and to remove incipient tendency to pulmonary diseases.

With regard to the culinary art, I should be pleased to persuade my young ladies to become somewhat adepts in it. Not that I believe to tempt the palate with high seasoned dishes, and induce indigestion and debility among one’s guests and dearest friends, is true benevolence, though some benevolent ladies may practice it. But that superintendence of a table, which unites neatness with comfort, consults health and prevents prodigality, and the power of personally supplying it with salutary or elegant preparations, is an accomplishment of no slight order. It need not follow that a thorough knowledge of house-keeping is incompatible with intellectual taste and attainments. There is indeed no native affinity between them; but she will display the greatest mental energy, who can reconcile such discrepancies, compose their welfare and become adept in each. This may be effected; we have had repeated examples. It will suffice our present purpose to cite one. The accomplished editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany*, whose prolific pen enters almost every department of current literature, to instruct and delight, is also the author of the “*Frugal Housewife*,” and able practically to illustrate its numerous and valuable precepts. You will probably think, my young friends, that an essay on such homely and antiquated subjects might have been spared. But while home continues to be the province of woman, nothing that relates to its comfort, order and economical arrangement should be held of slight import. That

these complicated duties may be well and gracefully performed some foundation should be laid for them in youth.

It has been alleged as an objection to the present expanded system of female education, that it creates dislike to the humble occupations of the domestic sphere. It becomes those who enjoy these heightened privileges, to disprove the argument, and to free themselves from the ingratitude of repaying the increased liberality of the other sex, with disregard to their interest and happiness. This responsibility rests much on the rising generation. We therefore, who are almost ready to pass off the stage, entreat you, our daughters, not to despise that domestic industry which walks hand in hand with respectability and contentment. We pray you to show that love of books is not inconsistent with what republican simplicity expects from his daughters, and that knowledge need be no hindrance to duty.

Matrimony.

By Morris Mattson.

In the married life we have comfort in distress; advice in difficulties; attention in sickness, and consolation in the hour of death.—But the man who stands alone in society, who has no partner in his joys, or companion in his sufferings—how miserable must be his situation! Who pities him when he is misjudged or misrepresented by the world? Who watches by his side when death is stealing upon him—or weeps over his lonely grave? Alas! he is entirely deserted; he is a stranger among men.

The surest foundation of connubial happiness is—*Religion*. The husband who is destitute of this, who never makes a Deity the subject of his meditations, is more likely to run into the sins of vice and immorality, and abandon his family to misery and despair. The wife also, whose heart is not armed with religious emotions, is divested of one of her most inestimable charms, and is less capable of soothing the more rugged sorrows of her husband. That woman, whose soul is not consecrated with the in-dwelling of a God, is not susceptible of those high perfections which are so peculiarly the ornaments of her sex.—Newly married people, if they prize their future happiness, should not regard this subject with indifference.

The happiness of the husband and wife is mutually derived from each other. They partake alike of joy and sorrow; glory and ignominy; wealth and poverty. They are the same to each other in all the circumstances of life. The misfortune of one is the misfortune of the other. Nothing but the grave can sever their connexion. Even the bonds which unite brothers and sisters, or parents and children, are far less endearing. The tender youth has grown into manhood. He is now contending with the difficulties of the world.—He receives no longer the protection of a father or mother. The old are sinking into the grave around him. His only solace is the wife of his bosom. She perhaps, has fled from her parental roof, willing to sacrifice every thing for his sake, and now clings fondly to him for pro-

tection and support. She therefore, is his chief delight, and by her tenderness and love, can sweeten his toil, and scatter sunshine in the pathway of his existence.

Fancies of Infancy.

Original.

I was a thoughtful, pensive child
And oft indulged in rev'ries wild—
And in my childish fancy deemed
That earth and sky were as they seemed.

And often would I cast my eye,
Where earth appears to meet the sky,—
And long my baby-house to rear
Against that sky so pure and clear.

And oft at evening, would I gaze
Upon the moon's calm, placid face
And wish that Pa would climb a tree
And bring the bright toy down for me.

Oh! thoughts of infancy! they teach
A lesson which, the heart, should reach:
How oft in after years we yearn
For joys as distant as the moon!

And as by turns they fade and die,
To seeming surer ones we fly;
And wond'ring at our follies past
Think we have caught the moon at last.

Yet sure this yearning of the mind
For something which we never find
Was not bestowed on us in vain
But for our lasting, endless gain:

It tells us we're not all of earth,
Our souls will claim a higher birth;
As exiles here on earth they roam,
Longing and yearning for their home.

DELTA.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Feb. 27, 1835.

HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. Perhaps by nothing is the spirit of the age more distinctly marked, than the changes of opinion in relation to subjects of scientific research. Where in ancient times all was doubt, uncertainty, rash conjecture, superstitious dread, or credulous ignorance, light has burst forth, and what was once deemed mysterious and supernatural, is clearly shown to result from the operation of natural causes. Thus with insanity, or the derangement of our intellectual faculties. It was once looked upon by the greater portion of mankind as an incurable calamity, visited upon its victims by the righteous retributions of providence, and no more capable of removal by medicinal means or human effort, than the consequences of any other exertion of divine power. But modern science has dispelled the errors which had so long bound the mass of mankind, and demonstrated the fact, that insanity, whether proceeding from moral or physical causes, is a physical disease, and, when properly treated, as susceptible of cure as many others. Hospitals have been devoted exclusively to the ac-

commodation of lunatics, by returns from the principal of which, in France, England, Scotland and the United States, it appears that the proportion of persons discharged completely recovered, is between *forty and fifty per cent* or *nearly one half of the number admitted*—to which might be added the partial relief of others, and a general improvement in the condition of the remainder—this too while patients were received of every age, rank and situation in life, and laboring under insanity of every degree of severity and every length of continuance. In several asylums the recoveries, in cases of not more than one year's duration, are *seventy per cent*, while often, with such as had been afflicted but three or four months, immediate and invariable relief has followed their reception into those institutions.

But what we purposed was to speak of the expediency of establishing a Hospital in New Hampshire for the benefit of the insane. The subject has been twice before our legislature and was specially recommended by Gov. Badger last June; and with the foregoing incontrovertible facts in view—coupled with the certainty that otherwise much suffering, and protracted exclusion from all that renders life desirable, await these unfortunates—there would seem to be no room to doubt the utility of the proposed undertaking. An institution should be established—the interests of humanity, the wants and necessities of the afflicted, the good of the whole community demands it.

By a resolution of the last legislature it is made the duty of the selectmen of the several towns in this state to forward to the Secretary of State, on or before the second Wednesday of June next, a certified list of the number, names, ages and circumstances of the insane persons within their limits, as also the number of years they have been deprived of reason, with the cause to which its loss is ascribed. If this duty is but faithfully and universally attended to, we have little doubt it will afford such evidence of the want of a Hospital, as to leave few obstacles to its establishment.

LADIES' COLLEGE. The Kentucky Legislature has granted to Messrs. Van Doren's Institute for Young Ladies, in Lexington, the chartered rights and standing of a College.—By the powers given to the Board of Trustees and Faculty, a Diploma and the honorary degree of M. P. L. (Mistress of Polite Literature) will be conferred upon those young ladies who complete the prescribed course of studies, as well as upon other distinguished ladies in the country; also, the degrees of M. M. (Mistress of

Music) and M. I. (Mistress of Instruction,) may be bestowed upon suitable candidates.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, died at his residence in Columbia, on the 4th inst. in the 81st year of his age. General Hampton served with gallantry in the war of the revolution, and though then a mere youth, was with one or more of his brothers, distinguished in the partizan warfare under Marion and Sumter, in South Carolina. During the late war with Great Britain he commanded a brigade on the northern frontier. He was one of the wealthiest men, if not the wealthiest, in the whole Southern country.

HON. NATHAN DANE of Massachusetts, whom Mr. Webster once so beautifully panegyricized, author of a general Abridgement and Digest of American Law, and founder of the law school in Harvard University, died 15th inst.

JONATHAN DOW, formerly Mayor of Portland, who expired on the 10th inst., at the age of 52, was a native of Weare in this state.—John Neal, of the Boston Galaxy, thus characterises him, "the faithful and affectionate friend, the excellent Husband, the public-spirited citizen, the diligent Merchant, the *honest man—the lowly and obedient christian!*" What higher eulogy could any one merit.

THE ALEXANDRIAN, a Republication of valuable literary and scientific works, is published in weekly numbers of 32 octavo pages, at six cents each, by William Pearson, New York. Of the cheapness and merit of this work, nothing more need be said than that the whole of D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* will be given for *thirty seven and a half cents!* Marsh Capen and Lyon are agents in this town.

The suggestions of our friend 'M.,' under date of 'Hanover, Feb. 23,' in relation to 'originality,' 'translation, &c.,' are very just, and such as would naturally arise in the mind of any one under similar circumstances. We were before perfectly aware of the facts in the case, but presume nothing wrong was intended. We should be happy to be favored with 'scientific matter,' and will cheerfully give it place.

'L.' and several other communications are unavoidably deferred to next week. We hope to hear from 'Cleantes' again soon.

Paper, made of the bark of the mulberry-tree, was used in Japan in the seventh century of our era; and in the thirteenth century, printing was done from wooden blocks.

POETRY.

Written for the *Anniversary*, and *Fair*, of the
Young Ladies' Seamen's Friends' Society in Con-
cord, N. H.

By P. Carrigain.

Original.

All hail Bethel Flag Stars! and O! were they beaming
Where'er howls the seawind, or rolls the seawave,
And bless'd the fair Almoners' zeal, for redeeming
From darkness, the race of the gen'rous, and brave.

For the scourges of famine, and pestilence join'd,
Dont reign o'er a land, with such gloomy control,
Or a thousand Bastiles, with their Dungeons combin'd,
As the night-fog of ignorance, shrouding the soul.

Yet Cities, and Towns, fields, and gardens that bloom;
Wealth, Science, the Arts; we owe all, to the
SEAMAN:

But for him, Earth had been one whole Desert of
gloom;
And wild Clans, its tenants; not Christians, and
Freemen.

Of the good he has done—or the duty he owes;
Unconscious alike;—but for his dauntless labors,
Ne'er had been that communion, whence knowledge
arose,
T'ween Countries, by Oceans that part them, made
neighbors.

And shame on the people of all climes, so tardy
To pay a small part, of the vast debt, they owe
For improving this Class, so expos'd, and so hardy
In all Seas, and seasons;—in fire, frost, and snow.

As their calling to peril, and death is e'er nighest;
But still the most useful, of all the vocations;
Their standing in morals, and life, should rank high-
est;
Nor those be left blind, who gave light to the na-
tions.

Or more seen their means, health, and credit, des-
troying
In foul haunts of vice, when in port, with sail fur'd;
But the Altars of wisdom, their choice: and enjoying
Domestic life, bliss; *undefil'd in the world.*

And at Sea, into hazards, so constantly drove
Their HEAVENLY PRESERVER, should have
without failure;
In the pauses of danger; devout thanks in love:
On none, has Religion such claims, as the Sailor.

And loud through our Land, she cries "BLESS'D BE
EACH DONOR."
Sure all should be slaves, who are vainly implor'd
For those, whose heart's blood, for their rights, and
our honor,
O'er the mighty waters, like water, was pour'd.

Perhaps some youthful Tars, whose first laurels bloom'd
In Erie's proud Fight; where, our Fleet conq'ror
rode,

May yet in some war, have their last hour illum'd,
By the pure flame enkindled from gifts, now bes-
tow'd.

And thousands, though round them may loom clouds
malignant,
And hard on the lee shore of life, drive the gale,
Will be warn'd, from the Breakers, by that flame
benignant
And sav'd by the ANCHOR that never does fail;

And the Sea bay, while ne'er at sacred rites mocking
To all needful duties more loyal and warm
Will be, whether, on the dipping yard rocking,
Or high o'er the Main Top, dread spot, in a
storm.

But untaught, and abandon'd to die in vice, reeking
Their Ghosts, 'mid the shrouds, in the night temp-
ests din;
Will be heard, curses on the ingratitude, shrieking
That left them to perish in ignorance, and sin.

O! may this cause spreading with progress gigantic,
By all Countries, all classes and sects, be profess'd;
In our own, from the deep star banner'd Atlantick,
To the vegetable Lakes,* of the far—far—west.

And while Science the Mechanic power, enhances
And blessings, undream'd of begins to impart,
May virtues prevail; with co-equal advances;
To the day of perfection in Nature, and Art.

Then the Sea'll roll in glory, and no gloomy shading,
O'er the glad, and the green lap of Earth, will be
driven;

But (her roses unwith'ring;—her rainbows unfading;) *Each Ship, be a Temple;—each Village, a
Heaven.*

Ye Fair, now, for this mighty benefit trying,
If granted, that millions on millions will feel;
Whose first prayer, while living;—whose last grasp,
when dying,
Heaven's records will show, were in thanks, for your
zeal.

O! pray this great work, may engross the devotion,
Of Angels, and Saints, in their blissful abode:
And as Incense, unquench'd in the foam of the Ocean,
Mount up, with immortal perfume, to your God.

*The vast Prairies of the far West, rank with the
greatest curiosities, of our American Continent.—
Their high grasses waving in the summer winds, pre-
sent a most delightful view.

An Every Day Incident.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn."

A few weeks ago, while passing along a
street in one of the refined cities of New Eng-
land, my eyes were suddenly arrested by a
view of the dark and massy walls of a building
—to be found in all refined cities—where liv-
ing bodies are entombed for the doubtful crime
of being poor. I stopped and gazed at it list-
lessly for a moment, and was just on the point
of resuming my walk, when my attention was
arrested by the sound of a voice. "Can I see
my husband, Mr. —?" was asked in a low
and tremulous accent. I turned round, and
saw a very pretty and neatly dressed woman
standing at the door of the jail office, address-
ing a person, evidently the turnkey, who stood
before her. "Can I see Mr. —?" "No,
ma'am, you can't" was the gruff reply of the
surely deputy. The female dropped her head,
pressed her hand upon her bosom, that throb-
bed quick and violently as a sigh stifled to low
breathing came from her lips—and then look-
ed up again. She turned her dark eye, swim-
ming in tears, full upon the turnkey. She
hesitated a moment.

The struggle between pride, and grief and
duty was evidently going on—putting every
nerve and muscle in her beautiful turned neck
and lovely countenance into full play, and giv-
ing her features that varied, yet eloquent ex-
pression, that few except the most unfeeling
can resist.—"Is—he—well,—sir?" she at-
last faltered out, apparently with much difficul-
ty. "I don't know," was the inhuman reply.
She dropped her head again—and that pang
was stifled. She raised it once more and look-
ed imploringly upon the brutal being before
her. "Oh, sir," she exclaimed in a tone of
subdued agony, "Oh, sir, let me speak to him
—if it is but for a moment, and through the
grates—I have travelled all the way from—"
—a distance of 54 miles—"on purpose to see

him—do, sir, for the love of—"

"I say
you shan't, and so you may as well shut up
your clam-shell at once;" was the obliging re-
ply of the turnkey to this feeling request. The
quick accelerated motion of my pulse, and the
hot blood that rushed through my veins up to
my temples, convinced me that it was danger-
ous to stop long within the sphere of injured
beauty; and I thought it prudent to depart
before my feelings mastered my discretion and
prompted me to commit some foolish quixotic
act, the probable issue of which was immedi-
ately before me, just over the wall. I walked
a few steps and then looked back. The suf-
ferer had crossed to the opposite side of the
street, and stood on the walk, looking earnest-
ly on the prison that contained all she loved on
earth. I passed on further, and looked back
once more. There she was still—on the same
spot; gazing as if her eyes would pierce the
dark, frowning walls before her. I dared not
look longer; but hurried on, in rather a mel-
ancholy state of mind. Presently I fell to
musing, and a succession of thoughts tinged
with light and shade, connected with what I
had just witnessed, passed through my brain.

First of all, I thought of the deep and endur-
ing and unchanging love of woman, such love
as this poor, desolate being had shown in trav-
elling so far and unprotected, to administer
consolation to an imprisoned husband, and to
pour into his bosom the balm of consolation.—
A gleam of sunshine flashed across my mind at
the thought, and it seemed to me that the map
of life, dark and comfortless as it is generally
drawn, is here and there cheered in the midst
of its most dreary wastes, with green and flow-
ery spots, that whispered to the bruised heart
of a better world. A dark and melancholy idea
succeeded. I thought of the young husband
pining away in the solitude of a prison; of the
beloved and loving wife begging with heart-
rending look and tone, that she might speak to
that dear husband, if it was but for one mo-
ment; and begging, but to be cruelly and in-
sultingly denied: and my eyes unconsciously
filled with tears. I brushed them hastily
away, set my teeth firmly together, and en-
deavored to forget the subject. It was in vain.
The incarcerated husband; the worse than
widowed wife; the brutal turnkey; still kept
possession of my thoughts, until, I am afraid,
I began to be almost wicked, and even to doubt
the utility of the vast efforts that are so active-
ly made, to civilize nations eight or ten thou-
sand miles from us, while we have so many
brutes at home that are obliged to go among
them to select beings, I will not call them men,
to fill some of our most important public sta-
tions.

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